

"Not Dead, but Risen."

FROM THE ARABIC.

[Read at the memorial services to the late Samuel Bowles, at Springfield, Mass., by Charles Dudley Warner.]

He that died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends:—

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this:—
I am not the thing you see,
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,—
Is a garment no more fitting,—
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a bird my soul has passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars!

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye sit upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now the world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you;
But, in the light ye can not see,
Of undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! But not farewell,
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's worth, a little space,
When ye come where I have slept,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That there is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above!
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La-Il Allah! Allah la!
O love divine! O love alway!

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

Contentment.

Year after year I till my barren field
And each day's toil brings me but scanty
store

For my sweet wife and babes. Close at my
door
Hunger has lain, like a grim wolf, concealed.
My neighbor's acres fruitful harvests yield
Of thirty, sixty, yea, a hundred fold;
His barns are filled with grain, his purse with
gold.

And all men are his friends.
Yet I have kneeled—
Seeing how ill-content my neighbor is
With all his garnered wealth, his fame, his
pride—
And thanked God that my lot was not like
his.

Though I have but one bare hill's rocky side;
For, while earth's harvests crown his fertile
sod,
In my poor field I did not gain, but God.

—T. C. Pease, in the Independent.

THE BRIDE'S STOCKINGS.

The Cardinal had enormous revenues, and spent fabulous sums in furnishing his art galleries. No work of merit was ever offered him in vain, and every traveler who has ever been through his great palace at Rome can testify how discriminating his judgment was, and how unique his taste. The Cardinal had a niece, as all Rome knew. He had given her rare opportunities for education—the best masters in literature and art in constant attendance; and now, at the age of 20 years, she was sought in marriage by a prince. It was well known that she would be heavily dowered by her uncle. It was well known, too, that the prince's estates were heavily encumbered, and he was naturally anxious to retain his family possessions. He was, however, young, accomplished, noble; the pretty Beatrice, who was of a gentle, loving disposition, was most happy in her engagement, and altogether it seemed a fitting match. At any rate, the old Cardinal made no objections to it, and gave Beatrice *carte blanche* in the matter of trousseau, trusting, he said, to the good taste and discretion that should attend her finished education and perfect training that her purchases would be in every way suitable to the high station she was about to fill. Beatrice kissed the dear old uncle with effusion, and set about the business of the trousseau, resolving, as he she told the Cardinal, to make it one worthy of a princess. The uncle, with one of his rare smiles, answered her: "Beatrice mia, we shall see if you know what is worthy of a princess."

The Cardinal, with all his generosity, had a violent temper, was severe toward any one who offended him, and implacable

toward those who violated his artistic or aesthetic convictions. It was even said that an unlucky fellow who once pertinaciously asked him to buy some work of art that his Eminence thought unworthy of consideration had felt the weight of his sacerdotal fist. It was conceded, in short, that his Eminence, though a beneficent patron, was a man whom it was dangerous to offend. While he had been kind and affectionate toward his niece, he had always governed her strictly, and though providing for her liberally, he provided nothing but what seemed good in his own eyes, and gave his attention to the smallest details of her life. Now that, for the first time, she was left to her own judgment in an important matter, he still quietly kept the run of all she did by having her bills sent to him in person.

Beatrice gave out orders for the trousseau in royal style, and gradually they began to come in. Rich dresses, all gorgeous with embroidery, laces rare and curious, wrought expressly for this fortunate bride, the finest linens for under-wear, and even jewels all passed unchallenged. But one day there came from a celebrated French manufactory a bill that made the Cardinal's old face wrinkle up into a great many queer puckers—four dozen pairs of stockings at 200 scudi per pair. Nearly 10,000 scudi for stockings! After an ejaculation not taken from any of the Church offices, he sent in haste for Beatrice. She came—such a vision of youth and happiness as might melt any layman's heart; but the churchman's heart was not to be laid at any woman's feet; so it had but little consideration for her stockings.

"Beatrice, here is a bill."

"Yes, uncle dear," as she slid down like a sunbeam, and shone up at him from a low stool at his feet.

"Stand up, Beatrice."

She stood up, hands behind her, as when she was a little girl.

"A bill for—stockings."

"Yes, uncle."

"Four dozen pairs of stockings at 200 scudi each."

"Is it too much?"

"Too much! It's the price of this gem that will live forever, and speak and teach men as long as it lives," he said, taking up an exquisite little picture that he had lately bought. "It is the price of that beautiful marble there—so beautiful it brought tears to the eyes of a young artist who saw it the other day, and he went home and worked the better for it. Too much!" and he nearly fell into one of those ejaculations, not out of the prayer-book, again.

"I only sent, uncle, for the finest—the very finest stockings that could be made."

"Bring the stockings here to me."

Beatrice obeyed, returning with a small parcel. The Cardinal ordered, "Open it."

Trembling she opened it, and taking out a pair of stockings, slipped one of them over her hand to show the fineness of the texture. The Cardinal slipped the other over his hand.

"Now, why did you spend 10,000 scudi for these cobwebs? or, more to the point, what do want of such things at all?"

"Why, uncle, to cover my feet, to be sure."

"But they don't cover your feet. They are delicate as a veil. I can see every blemish on my hand through them. Now, then, answer, what was your idea?" he questioned, sharply.

"If you please, uncle," his niece faltered, "you didn't object to the dresses, nor the laces, nor the jewels, and—"

"The dresses are beautiful, and lend stateliness to your presence; the laces are wrought with art, and will last long, and be curious objects even when they are old. I have a costly collection of old laces that I prize. Jewels are not for the moment; they please the eye for centuries. The abundance of linens, soft and cool, accustom your touch every day to what is fresh and dainty. You have a thousand ornaments, trimmings, odds and ends, and pretty nothings that make your fairness fairer. There's a nobility in the extravagance that can do any thing for us—delight the eye, educate the taste, elevate the senses—but extravagance that is only for the sake of spending and abusing is mere vulgarity."

"You said I might have every thing fit for a princess," said Beatrice, beginning to cry.

"And I say these stockings are not fit for a princess," thundered the Cardinal. "See, it is skill misapplied—the delicate work of the loom in an article to which such extreme delicacy is inappropriate. Those exquisite frescoes on my ceiling are in place, and it's a worthy instinct that makes me delight in them. If I ordered them painted on the floor, and trod on them, defaced them, put them to a base misuse, my instinct would be coarse and contemptible. A Car-

dinal must walk, but he would be a fool to walk on frescoes. A princess must walk, and that gracefully and freely, too, but she couldn't walk an hour in such things as these. See!" and he thrust his long finger right through the frail web at the toe. "Your stockings are not fit for a princess. They are fine in texture, but coarse in taste. They are inappropriate; they are vulgar; they are not decent."

"Oh, uncle!"

"Not decent, I say. They are aesthetically improper; they show the extravagance of the plebeian, not of the noble." He grew more excited with every word. His eyes flashed fire. "Your training has not made a princess of you in heart and mind, and, *corpo di Bacco!* your marriage shall not make a princess of you in name, and you are none of mine." With a grasp he swept up the bundle of stockings. "Your trampery here shall go back to the fools who made it, and you shall go—I don't care where, but out of my sight. Away! I'll none of you."

The Cardinal gathered up his skirts, and, crossing the room, passed out like a whirlwind. The girl screamed aloud in her terror of the old man's fearful passion; for much as she had heard of the violence of his disposition, she had never been made the victim of it before. But the scream never checked the firm, relentless fall of his steps as it died away along the corridor; and there lay little Beatrice, shaken with heart-broken sobs, prone across the footstool, where she had fallen when in his violence he flung away from her. She lay there a long time, crying and wiping away her tears with the unlucky stocking she had been displaying on her hand, and in the spasm of her terror had been crushing and rolling up until she forgot it was not her handkerchief.

So the Prince found her, as he was ushered in to pay his usual daily call upon the Cardinal. She naturally turned to her betrothed for consolation. She told him all about her uncle's anger, and all she was suffering, and expected the shield of his love between her and her wrong. But the Prince looked grave; he winced at the Cardinal's words about disowning her, and finally volunteered to see the old man himself, and let her know by letter how matters really stood.

Beatrice went to her own apartment somewhat quieted by the sight of her lover, but still most unhappy. She waited, with what patience she could, until evening, and then a note came from the Prince. It was a short note, carefully and beautifully written. It ran something like this: "Your uncle, I am grieved to say, formally disowns you. It is a cruel edict, my dear friend, for me, loving tenderly as I do, but it seems the will of Heaven, and I must submit. May we meet again at some calmer and happier time!"

She swept her pale hands across her swollen eyes, believing that her sig deceived her, and read again and again those neat and formal lines—the specious, cowardly lines—and all the bitter meaning that lay between the lines.

He had renounced her too! The storm of grief that her uncle's cruelty had roused was healthy and consonant with her young nature, but the look she wore after reading her lover's letter never should come to such a sweet and tender face. It spoke of the deepest wrong a woman can sustain—her affection spurned and slighted; the worst insult that can be offered her—a marriage from sordid motives. In an hour this gentle, loving Beatrice was changed to a resolved and indignant woman. She had loved this man, and he had wronged her. The world—the petty Roman world of gossip and slander—should not stare at her curiously, nor wound her with its thousand wicked tongues. Then the uncle that she had loved had cast her off. It was a secondary thought now, but still a bitter one, and in the turbulence and keen sense of injury of which only a proud and gentle character is capable, she took a hasty resolve. Almost as she was, save with some jewels of her mother's, her rich trousseau left behind, its splendor scattered all over her apartments, she left the palace—left it in the silence and darkness, and went out into the world alone with those richest of possessions, but poorest of defenses, her youth, innocence, and beauty.

Between the great rage the Cardinal had indulged and his stormy interview with the Prince, he was threatened next morning with an old enemy of his—apoplexy; and when he heard that his niece had disappeared, an attack came on that held him bedridden and senseless for weeks. On coming to himself, his first order was to "make search for her, but no trace could be discovered."

The old man was haunted by a vision of the bright, happy face so lost out of his life; and as its tender, smiling outline came like a dream before his fancy, he shuddered, as it seemed to weirdly

change expression with the possible wrong and misery his little Beatrice might be suffering. But the world knew nothing of this, for the Cardinal was to all appearances as proud, as magnificent, as dictatorial, and as keen a judge and critic as ever.

Some three years later a picture-dealer ventured, cringing and on respectful tiptoe, into the august presence.

"Now, Luigi, what trash have you to-day?"

"Oh, no trash, your Eminence—a gem, a gem."

"A false gem, eh!—another clever copy that I shall detect?"

"No, no, your Eminence; a true gem—modern, and to be bought for a song."

"Well, well, be quick."

"There, your Eminence," and the dealer placed before the Cardinal a small, fresh, delicately tinted picture—a lovely smiling crowd of Cupids—daintily, dimpled boys, chasing each other in the mazes of a bower.

The Cardinal put on his glasses, looked, broke out with "Corpo di Bac—," and changed it to "Santa Maria! It's more free than Albani, more dainty than Correggio—and modern, too. How that flesh is managed! What a texture! Who's the painter?"

"That's a secret, your Eminence. I know who brings them, but I'm not sure who paints them. I've had several, but none as good as this."

"Luigi, you know you can't play tricks on me. I'll use all the police in Rome, but I'll find this painter; so tell me the fair price, and bring the painter here to-morrow at this time."

"But, your Eminence—"

"Make me no excuses; tell me no lies. How much? and bring the painter."

"Five thousand scudi would be a trifle for it."

"H'm! And how much of that does the painter get?"

"Oh, a good price, your Eminence—a good price."

"Yes; good for you. Basta! I know you. Well, well, bring the painter to-morrow, and you shall have your money;" and the Cardinal coolly set the picture aside among his latest-acquired treasures.

"But if the painter won't come, your Eminence?"

"Not a word! The painter must come, or your money won't come."

The discomfited dealer made his bow, and tiptoed out backward.

The next day, at the appointed hour, he appeared, and with a manner highly mysterious announced that he had brought the painter; but the painter was shy about being known, and had come veiled. His Eminence would not intrude upon the reserve of a—

"A woman!" exclaimed the Cardinal, as he caught sight of a slight veiled figure gliding in behind Luigi—"a woman, and a great painter! Corpo di—I mean, Santa Maria! I do not wish, signora," he said respectfully, "to rudely break your incognito; but will you tell me, as I'm a connoisseur in art, how you have arrived at the peculiar delicacy of these flesh-tints? How have you prepared your canvas?"

She took up the picture and frayed a corner on the back of the stretcher.

"It is painted on silk, your Eminence."

"Silk! but what sort of silk?"

"A very fine silk stocking. Here is the foot, not cut off, but nailed upon the stretcher. See!"

"A silk stocking!" The Cardinal, at the first word the woman spoke, started, looked surprised, then dazed; but forgot neither his dignity nor his habit of command, and imperatively ordered Luigi out of the room. That worthy made his backward exit rapidly under so stern an eye. When the Cardinal turned back once more to the woman, she had dropped her veil, and he saw a pale but noble face, with eyes that looked straight into his.

In an instant he caught it to his breast.

"Beatrice! my darling, my lost, my loving little Beatrice!"

It was indeed Beatrice, in poor and shabby dress, but with the light of genius and the calm of experience enhancing her former beauty. She had been struggling all these years to earn bread for herself; and even for this picture she found it so hard to buy a proper canvas that she had used the delicate stocking—the cause of all her troubles—that in the distraction of her grief she had used to wipe away her tears, and so had brought it from home with her years before.

For once the Cardinal dropped on his knees with all his heart in the adoration. They rehearsed the old story. He told her that though his temper was roused, he never dreamed of casting her off. She did not tell him what sorrow had really driven her away. Being a woman, so much confidence couldn't be expected of her. They both asked forgiveness—he for having been harsh, she

for having made him suffer by her flight. He was so like a mother when her lost baby is brought home that all the Cardinal seemed to disappear for a while; but soon the old dictatorial way came again, and Beatrice was not sorry, for it brought back the pleasant old times.

"I was right, though, my child; aesthetically I was right. It was the vulgarity of extravagance; but I believe the Prince was a rascal."

"As to the Prince, I've forgotten him long ago. But is the stocking now fit for a princess?"

"A princess! It's too good for an empress. It is fit for my great gallery."

The Cardinal is dead, but the glory of his extravagance lives after him in his art treasures. Whether those sentiments about the matter of the stockings were genuine, or whether he saw a good way to get rid of the Prince, whose motives he may have suspected, the shrewd old man never divulged, and even Beatrice never knew.

Beatrice and her husband—a young painter with whom she had studied her art—received from the Cardinal a dowry that the Prince, still unmated and still deep in debt, looked on covetously.

The curious and delicate painting on silk may be seen conspicuously placed at the south end of the great gallery. If it were not that Beatrice still lives—one of the most accomplished, beautiful, amiable women in Europe, whose works often adorn the Paris *salon*—it would be fair to name names, so that any traveler might easily find the lovely little picture whose true history is so little known.

Still less, probably, is known about those forty-seven pairs of stockings returned, for which the French manufacturers could not extort payment from the determined old Cardinal. The truth is they are being gradually scattered over the world. Every now and then, when some rich American bride is purchasing her wedding garments, the cunning manufacturers have a way of introducing one or two pairs to her notice, which find their way into her trousseau at a slightly reduced price. In fact, there is a firm conviction, based on pregnant facts, that the remaining pairs will be gotten rid of mainly on this side of the water.—Harper's Bazar.

Deaths from Trichina.

A special from Youngstown, O., to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, says: There is great excitement here and at Girard, five miles northwest, over the discovery of several cases of trichina. Six weeks ago Fred. Benk, Sen., a laborer at the Girard furnace, killed a hog and from the head and other rough parts made what is called wurst, and of this the entire family, numbering five, ate heartily in its raw state. A few days afterward Mr. Frederick Benk was taken sick and died on New Year's day, the family physician pronouncing the disease typhus fever and rheumatism. Their two children, Eva and Frederick, Jr., aged respectively five and seven years, were taken sick shortly before their father died, the symptoms being the same. Another physician was called in, and he pronounced the disease spotted-fever. Wednesday last week Dr. Lauterman, of this city, a graduate of the University of Austria, at Vienna, was called in. He immediately declared the disease trichina, other physicians ridiculing his diagnosis. Sunday each died and was buried. Yesterday Dr. Lauterman insisted on re-examining the pork in use by the family, and with the naked eye white bodies were discovered in the muscles, while, with the aid of a microscope, the threadlike worm, wound up spirally, was found in countless millions. To-day a small portion of the muscle was taken from an arm of the dead girl by Dr. Lauterman, and from calculations made by him one cubic inch of muscle contains 100,000 trichinae spiral. The boy Fred. was visited to-day by an *Enquirer* correspondent, who found him in bed lying on his back, with his arms and legs wonderfully swollen and drawn out of shape by contraction of the muscles. On touching the muscles his pain became indescribable. His physician says death is almost inevitable. Mrs. Benk, sister of Fred. Benk, Sen., who lives with him, was taken ill to-day. Dr. Lauterman says that within twenty-four hours she will be prostrated with the terrible disease. Ernst Benk, of this city, attended the funeral of Frederick on New Year's Day, and partook of the meat in use in the Benk family, and yesterday was prostrated with trichinae. Pork is at a discount here.

THIRTY years ago J. W. Mackey left Ireland a penniless boy. Twenty years ago he was traveling in this country as a "drummer." Sixteen years ago he was bankrupt. Now he owns some of the richest mines on the Pacific Coast, and has a yearly income estimated at \$14,000,000.